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See Vol. 9th p. 8.

See page 26.

Bigelow, Mrs. Eliza Jaffrey

MEMOIR

OF

LUCY MARIA BIGELOW,

WHO DIED IN

ROCHESTER, MASS.

OCTOBER 23, 1832,

Aged nearly Six Years.

"To Him let little children come,
For He hath said 'they may,'
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away."

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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PREFACE.

THE design in publishing this short history of a beloved child, is not to exhibit any thing remarkable in intellectual strength or mental endowments, but it is offered to parents, as a simple illustration of the practical influence of gospel truth, sanctified by the Spirit of truth, on the character of a little child.

Uninterested friends have advised that much more should be said, as with truth might be, of the subject of this memoir. The design however was, to notice only those traits, which may be made of *practical use to little children*, and not to swell the volume with facts, which demand admiration merely. The writer therefore only asks the co-operation of parents, in persuading their beloved offspring, to whom it is dedicated, to follow Lucy, as far as she followed Christ.

Perhaps, they may notice that the habit of self-

denial which was early formed, laid a broad foundation, for all those graces which shot forth in rich luxuriance, and gave an unusual symmetry and perfection to her character.

Should this slight effort be made useful to any of Lucy's friends as an encouragement to seek the same Saviour, to him be all the glory.

MEMOIR

OF

LUCY MARIA BIGELOW.

My Dear Children:

When reading the story of Mary Lothrop, or Nathan W. Dickerman, did you ever wish that you "could be like them,"—that you could enjoy the smiles of Jesus while you live, and be happy when you lie on a bed of suffering and death? and happy forever in the love and presence of God? Did you ever wish that you could at last stand with them before the throne, and join their infant songs to him who "washed them and made them white?" Or, when sitting by the side of your father or mother, and hearing them relate the story of Joseph, and David, and Josiah,

and Daniel, have you not wished that you "could resemble them," or when they have told you about heaven, that blessed home in which they now dwell—and of its streets of gold, and its robes of white, and its crowns of glory, and of all the good people who live together there, in such perfect kindness and affection; have you not then wished that you could "live as they lived—die as they died—and go up in the arms of angels to live with them in that bright world, where the glory of God outshines the sun?" Yes, I know you wish with all your heart, sometimes, that you were walking in that narrow, peaceful path which leads through this world of sin, up to the gate of heaven.

I have often talked with little children who felt just as you do—and I have seen the tear glisten in their eye and heard them say, "*I wish I was good.*" And I will tell you the reason why they are not just what they wish to be. When they are tempted to sin, they do not go instantly to God to ask his help, and therefore they turn back and forget their

good resolutions, and forget God—they then feel discouraged and give up the effort.

To help you, my dear children, to live like those I have mentioned, I will relate a short story of a little girl, that I may persuade you by her example to seek him who is very near you, while it is easy for you to find him. I will tell you how she sought the Lord Jesus when a very little child.

Lucy Maria Bigelow did not live to be quite six years old. She usually enjoyed good health, except that at times she was afflicted with severe headache, which we believe began at a very early age, when she was too young to tell us what was the matter. She would then appear fretful and unhappy. As her parents wished to cultivate in her, kind and gentle feelings, they tried to correct what they thought unamiable, and as soon as she could speak, taught her to repeat this beautiful verse, which her mother printed on paper and pasted over the fireplace,

"The gentle child who tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,

Who will not speak one angry word,
That child is pleasing to the Lord."

And when this little girl began to feel unhappy, she would instantly repeat it, and a sweet smile would play on her face before she finished it, and thus while so young, she began to form that mild and placid temper which made every one love her. As she grew older, this kind, affectionate temper so entirely prevailed, that her friends can scarcely remember a look or word of ill humor. Do you wish that you had a temper so lovely? make it so, my little friend, by putting away every unkind feeling, and whenever you want help, look upward, and ask it of him "who gives liberally" all the aid a little child wants, and in this way you will become "That child who is pleasing to the Lord."

When Lucy was two years old, she was taken every morning into her chamber, to thank her heavenly Father for his kind care through all the hours of darkness, and to ask his love, and help, and protection through the day, and she was directed to go to him as

to the kindest parent, and tell him every thought and desire of her little heart in her own words, and at night when retiring to rest, she was told to think what had been wrong in her conduct, and confess it all to God—to him who hears the little "ravens when they cry." This habit of prayer became very delightful to Lucy. Happy moments, when this little child began to "acquaint herself with God."

From this time until the close of life, she was never known to pass a day without spending a little while with God. And when the hour came that Lucy must go away from her beloved parents and all her friends, she was not afraid, because she was going to a dearer, better friend, to whom she had been accustomed to speak every day of her life. Are you acquainted with the Lord Jesus, dear children? and does he every day listen to the words of love and penitence which you softly pour into his ear? Continue thus to do, and when you die, you will not meet him as a stranger from whose face you would flee, but

as a kind, forgiving Father, whom you know and love.

But it did not satisfy Lucy to pray herself—she could not then go to sleep until her father or mother had commended her to the safe care of "Him who never sleeps;" and when occasionally deprived of this privilege by their absence, she has been found at a late hour weeping, and unable to go to sleep, because no one had prayed for her. Are you blessed with pious parents, dear children? then you know how sweet it is to lie down at night, having been committed by them to the care of the good shepherd! And those dear children who are not thus favored, and at night must close their eyes with no petition lifted to God for them, let them remember that the softest prayer from their infant lips is heard, if offered in sincerity. "The Lord is thy keeper," therefore do not fear to commit all your concerns into his safe hand—none so well knows your sorrows and sins as he.

At two years old, Lucy was taken to the house of God, and no one who ever saw her

there, could doubt that she felt it was a holy place, and that she was in the presence of a holy God. In his sanctuary, she never spoke or smiled, or scarcely moved. The frequent pain in her head, often disposed her to sleep, and to prevent this, her mother sometimes offered her a book, but she would quietly lay it down again, without opening it. The seriousness of her deportment was very noticeable, and she seemed disturbed if she saw other children playful or irreverent.

The Sabbath was a happy day with Lucy. She began it right. As she slept in an adjoining room to her parents, they had opportunity to know in what manner her first thoughts were employed. She usually awoke early, and the first thing they heard, was her conversation with her little sister. "Now, Susan," she would say, "this is the holy Sabbath—let us keep it holy. We must not work or play, because it is the Sabbath day," and then, after long and instructive conversation, she would repeat or sing some little Sabbath morning song, and then pray to her

Father in heaven. She drew nigh to him "who is Lord of the Sabbath," when she first awaked, and he therefore assisted her to keep his holy day.

The last summer, her parents took her to visit a friend, at whose house she spent the Sabbath. In the morning, a little girl of her own age invited her to walk out, around the house, but she declined, and chose rather to go to her mother's chamber. In the course of the day, some books with amusing plates were offered her, but she went to her mother and said, "I think these are improper for the Sabbath." She was told they were not suitable, and when her little friend attempted to show her the pictures, she would turn aside her head as if fearful of doing wrong by looking at them.

It was usual for one of Lucy's parents to take the children into a room by themselves for instruction on the Sabbath—but sometimes company necessarily prevented. Whenever this was the case, she did not fail to go to her mother, to entreat her to spend the happy hour as

usual, in talking about God and singing his praise. She loved her Sabbath school, and often prayed for her dear teacher, and was an example to others by her attention to the kind instruction there given.

It was a source of great pleasure to Lucy to instruct her little sister from a book of Bible cuts, and with uncommon accuracy she would relate every particular of the story connected with the picture, but it was the history of the dear Saviour which she most loved. She delighted to talk about him, as he appeared a little infant in the manger, and as a child so pure and lovely, and as a man so kind and compassionate, and then to contemplate him as her Saviour, suffering, bleeding, dying on the cross.

At the close of this holy, happy day, Lucy and her sisters were accustomed to walk with their mother in the garden, where every flower and leaf would remind them of the kind Parent whose love had fitted up this fallen world, and adorned it with so much beauty for sinful man; and here she would gather the choicest

flowers, and with a countenance glowing with happiness, speak of the goodness of God in causing them to grow to "please us."

And now I have told you how Lucy spent the Sabbath, and do you not think it was the happiest day of the week to her? Just so it may be *your happy day*, if you will commence it with thoughts of God, and keep him in your thoughts to whom all its sacred hours belong, and who has given you the Sabbath in the greatest kindness. For what purpose are you sent into this world, my children? Is it not to prepare for heaven, that abode of light and purity? Think a moment, what has God done to help you to arrive safely there? He has given you parents to take you by the hand and lead you up thither, and he has told your parents *how* to do this, and promised to help them whenever they need his assistance. He has laid down rules for them to guide their children in the safe and narrow way. He has promised too, to send them his own blessed Spirit, if they ask for it, and has promised that their children

shall "enjoy great peace when they are taught of God."

Knowing that in this dark world of sin, you and your parents would soon lose your way, he has given you and them the Bible which is a lamp to their feet, and makes the way to the heavenly city so plain, that a little child may find it, without even the help of his parents; but lest you should not attend to this word of truth and love, he has sent ministers and Sabbath school teachers to explain it, and in addition to this, often presents the example of young children, to encourage you, who have sought him and found him, who loved his blessed book, and his holy day—who served him while they lived, and finished with joy their short and happy course, and then

> "Went up the shining way,
> To meet their dearest Lord."

But more. He has given you with all these blessings the Sabbath, that you may lay aside your studies, your sports, and have time to

think of him, and look away toward heaven and seek your *Father's face*. Fifty-two such days every year he gives you. And now how will you spend the next Sabbath? Suppose you try Lucy's method, and begin when you awake, to ask the Holy Spirit to come and dwell in your heart *all that day*—to keep you from sin and help you to spend it as "if it were the last." Try it, and see how sweetly its moments will pass away.

Perhaps you will now inquire, "did Lucy love to think of God on other days?" I told you she slept with a little sister two years younger than herself. When she was four years it was remarked by the family, that she talked a long time after she was in bed, and one of them had the curiosity to listen, and found her earnestly engaged in talking to her little sister about God, about the dear Saviour who died for little children, and then she would entreat her to love him now, and obey his holy commands, and then she told her all she knew about heaven, and of that dreadful world of sorrow, where the wicked must live

forever—and after this, most earnestly would she pray to her Father in heaven, for little Susan.

Every night and every morning this was long her practice, and many times have her parents heard these interesting conversations at dawn of day, when she supposed they were asleep, but she did not speak of it, or seem at all to think she had done any thing worthy of notice. I mention this to show you that when little children acquaint themselves with God, they find him so kind, so tender a Parent, that they very much wish all others to know him too.

After breakfast it was her custom to go into her chamber to pray to her Father who is in secret, and in these moments of retirement she drew near to the all-seeing God; and on leaving her closet with a smiling face she would go to her mother and say, "This is my sweet passage to-day, dear mother," repeating some verse of God's word. It was not necessary to urge Lucy to seek the face of her heavenly Father. At noonday have I

seen her softly retiring to her room, to be alone with God. This is the way she became acquainted with that great Being who made her, who died for her, and in whose presence she now dwells. Go and do as she did, dear children.

During the last summer, Lucy often said, "I do certainly think I have a new heart. I do certainly think I love the Saviour." "Why do you think so?" her mother asked. "Because I have given him my heart, and I think he has forgiven my sins." This she said with deep feeling, but there were other reasons to lead us to hope she was a lamb of the good Shepherd's fold.

First then, I will tell you of her integrity. After she was old enough to understand what is meant by truth, she never told a lie. When she first began to talk, her parents took much pains to teach her, that to tell an untruth is very displeasing to God, and that no child who does it, can even hope to enter those holy gates which are shut against the liar; and therefore when they asked her a question, they would desire her to think before she an-

swered, and when she did wrong, they were careful not to speak in haste. They would say, "Lucy, I wish to ask you a question. I know you will not tell me an untruth, lest you should exceedingly displease your heavenly Father." She would then take time to recollect just how the matter stood, and relate it, without adding or concealing any thing. I always feel sorry when I hear any one ask a child hastily, "did you do thus and so?" because I dread lest he should deny it. If any person should carelessly do this, do not be in haste to answer. Take time to think this sentence, "I cannot tell a lie." You will make many friends by speaking the truth—but more, the God of *truth* will love you.

Another holy command which Lucy remembered was the eighth. She was careful never to take even a plaything which was not her own. Nothing was ever put out of her reach, for all was safe where she was. Not the slightest deviation from this rule can be recollected. When she was three years old, she one day after dinner took a small piece of

pie, for which one of her sisters reproved her, but it was soon discovered that it was her own which she had left on her plate. She was then excused from blame, but she did not forgive herself, and long after spoke of it as being wrong.

And now, my little friends, will you inquire if you are thus careful, and do you consider it as great a sin to take the smallest thing, such as a bit of cake or sugar, when no one but God sees you? I have known some little children who began to pilfer by climbing up to the closet shelves to take some nice thing set away, or softly go into the cellar to steal a bit of cake, and so they went on, until becoming so fond of sweet things, they could not do without them. Then they ventured into the confectionary's shop to steal sugar-plums—and would go to their father's pocket-book and steal money. But those are not the children to whom I am now speaking. They do not form the wish expressed at the beginning of this book. Oh, it is dangerous to indulge in little sins! How fast a child may run down the road to death!

I once heard a very eminent minister say, that "when a child, he was just so wicked, and one night as he was softly creeping down cellar to get some apples without leave, he heard a voice. He stopped to listen. It was the voice of his mother in prayer. "My mother is speaking to God, and his eye is on me," was the thought that pierced his soul. He trembled and ran back. From that hour he saw that he was a great sinner. He was never happy again until he had found pardon at the feet of the Saviour. That little boy stopped and "pondered the path of his feet," and God received the penitent child, and now he is a minister of Jesus, and when he arrives at heaven, he will meet many hundreds who will bless God that the little boy who began to be a child of Satan, "thought on his ways, and turned his feet unto God's testimonies."

Lucy was obedient to her parents. They cannot recollect that it was ever necessary to correct her for disobedience. If desired to do things which were not agreeable, she would cheerfully obey.

One instance of this I will relate to show you her general conduct. She was very desirous to sit up a little while with her elder sisters in the evening, but for many reasons her mother thought it proper she should not. Once or twice, last summer, she came with a very winning expression of countenance and said, "dear mother, I feel very well indeed to-night, could you let me sit up a *little* while?" It was unpleasant to deny her, still her mother told her decidedly, she must always go at dark, with her little sister, and requested her not to ask to sit up again. It was never necessary to speak again on the subject. However interesting her employment, she cheerfully left it at the appointed hour, without one look of sorrow.

The best little children do not know what is best for them to do, and therefore with pleasure should they be guided by those kind parents whom God has given them. And now Lucy's mother rejoices that she did not thus indulge her little girl; for when the hour of rest arrived, she was not worn out with

fatigue, and ready to drop asleep without thinking of God; but with a mind tranquil and happy, she would give herself away to the care of her Father in heaven, and then say, "Now, dear mother, tell me *one* story about the dear Saviour." These were some of the last months of her life, but she knew it not, and many precious conversations did she enjoy with her mother, which had been lost, had she yielded to her wish to sit up; and here you see how much children need a guide, because their years are few and their wisdom is small. If you love to fill the hearts of your parents with joy and gratitude, obey with cheerfulness.

Affecting instances of this kind often occurred. No persuasion could induce Lucy ever to touch a thing forbidden, however tempting it might be.

Your parents sometimes find it necessary to require you to abstain from things which you very much love. They do it from kindness to you, and as they are older and wiser than you, they certainly know better than you

do, what will injure you. During the hot summer months, Lucy's father desired her to eat no fruit unless it were given her at home, because he feared it might not be ripe and would make her sick. Now it was very easy for her to comply with this request, because she had learned to *deny herself.* She often walked out where apples had fallen from the trees, and she could take as many as she liked, and no one but God would have seen her—but so well did her parents know that Lucy would not disobey them, that they would have been unwilling to grieve her so much as to ask if "she had picked up any green fruit by the way?"

One day she called with her sisters at the house of a dear friend, who presented to the little girls some fine ripe apples. Lucy looked wishfully at them, but immediately looking up with her usual smile, said, "Mrs. R., I should love to eat one of them, but my father told me I must not." No one could persuade her to do a thing which she knew would displease her parents.

Dear children, if you wish to please God, never make it necessary for your parents to desire you more than *once* to do any thing—never let it be necessary for them to watch you, lest you should disobey—never oblige them to ask, "Have you done as I directed you?"

But she obeyed, not only because God had expressly told her to do it, but because she loved her parents dearly. Never did they return from a walk without seeing her face at the window, watching for them; or meet her on her way to greet them. Her father prepared for her a little garden, in which she spent many happy hours—and her sweetest flowers and choicest fruits were gathered for her parents. A short time before she died, she one day planted some of her favorite seeds in her mother's garden without saying a word to any one. In a few weeks they sprang up, and with a face glowing with pleasure, she ran to tell her mother "of the beautiful flowers she would gather," planted by her hand. Little did her mother think, that ere they blossomed,

her own beautiful flower would wither and die. To be allowed at any time, to assist her father in the garden, or her mother in the house, would make her very happy, and this reminds me of another thing which enabled her to be very useful.

There was a remarkable love of order and neatness to be noticed in every thing. Whatever she did, was well done. When only three years old, her mother used to desire her to put the room in order. Instantly she would set about it, quietly and busily, until every thing was nicely arranged, as she thought her mother would like to see it, and then say, "Mother, will you look and see if it is done right?" And so well did she know where every thing in the house belonged, that it was common for all the members of the family to call upon her when any article was missing, for she was always ready to look for it and seldom gave it up until it was found. If she saw any one perplexed about a thing lost, she did not wait to be asked, but immediately left her play, or work, saying, "I can find it for you."

Does this obliging temper seem lovely to you, dear little children? Cultivate it then yourselves. It will cost some self-denial at first, for your hearts are inclined to selfishness and indolence. Selfishness never enters heaven. Those little companions of yours, who are now with Jesus, robed in white, will never indulge a selfish feeling.

Lucy loved play as you do—but she could any time cheerfully quit it, to oblige any one. I speak of this because I know some children who will read this book who often wish "to be good." They often think of death, and sometimes long to be prepared for heaven, and yet they do not once think that it is impossible for them to resemble the Saviour, while they indulge so many selfish feelings. It is a very *little* sin to be selfish, they think. It is only a trifle for them, when at play to say, "Oh *I* must have it *first*," "give it to *me*," "*I* will look at it, and then you shall." But God considers it a great sin. He commands you "to love your neighbor" or playfellow "as yourself."

I scarcely know any fault which my little friends so much need the assistance of their parents to overcome, as this. Suppose you should now ask them "to be so good as to remind you whenever they perceive the first risings of selfishness in your conduct." How often have I heard Lucy say, "I fear if I should do that, it would seem selfish;" or, "is it selfish, mother, if I do so and so?" Of all sins in the world, we love this most; therefore try hard to overcome it; ask God's help, and *you will*. For how is it possible to be like him who left the bliss and the splendors and songs of heaven, to come hither to weep—to suffer—to bleed and die, for *you*, while you cherish this sin? And never can you go to be with him, until you are *like* him.

As Lucy learnt early to deny herself, it was easy to be generous to others. If any one gave her a piece of cake, or an apple, it was equally divided between her sisters and brother, and this was so fixed a habit, that she seemed to feel that she had no right to indulge any little luxury alone.

Self-denial too, made it easy to be gentle and affectionate. When at play, the tones of her voice were always kind. No harsh words or angry looks escaped her. She was delighted when she could take her little brother, if at any time he was unhappy, and soothe him with affectionate words, and in this way she greatly assisted her mother.

But, dear children, lest you should turn over this leaf, and forget all that I have said about this sin of selfishness, and how easily it besets you, let me give you one more good rule. Whenever you find selfish feelings rising in your bosom, stop one moment and silently raise your heart to God, and ask him to help you to subdue them. I know some little children who try this method, and find it a very good one.

Lucy loved to walk with her father and mother, and she was often indulged this gratification, because she attentively observed every thing she saw. Long before she spoke plainly, she learned the names of the various stones and flowers she found in her walks, and

while carefully examining them and admiring their beauty, she never failed to speak of the goodness of God in creating them.

This habit of closely looking at every thing commenced early. As soon as she could run about, she frequently amused herself a long time in looking at some little insect, without hurting it. When a year and a half old, she stood by a chair one day appearing much engaged, but occasionally cried as if hurt, and in a moment seem busy again. Her mother soon discovered that she was examining a wasp she held in her hand, and which had stung her several times, but she was unwilling to give it up until her curiosity was satisfied.

At this age she would come to her father and ask him to cut her gums, and allow him to apply his knife as long as he pleased. As she grew older she learned this motto which she always used and which the family called "Lucy's motto." "Patience and perseverance will overcome all things."—Patience enabled her to bear without complaining, those severe sufferings which often afflicted her, and

perseverance enabled her to go through what she undertook—it helped her to "endure to the end" of her short life in walking the narrow way—it helped her to persevere in seeking from day to day the face of her heavenly Father—and in striving to subdue sin. It is a good motto. If you do not find it exactly so in your Bible, you will find this, "He that endureth to the end, *shall* be saved."

During the last summer, Lucy was engaged as usual with her garden, her books and her work, industrious and happy. She never attended school, but was instructed at home. As she was subject to severe headache, her parents had not allowed her to spend much time in reading. Her industrious habits account for her wishing to be always employed. She learned to write quite intelligibly, and draw well on the slate. Frequently she would bring a letter written to her mother, containing some good resolution such as this, "Dear mother, I will try to be good to-day, that God may love me." She loved to gather flowers and draw them, which she could do quite

well, and then bring the picture to her mother, saying, "This is not worth giving away, but I know you will accept it, dear mother."

It was frequently noticed by her friends that she appeared distressed if any one praised her. Her face would be covered with blushes and with most apparent sincerity, she would desire them to desist. But well do her parents remember the modest, happy expression, when she at any time heard them approve her conduct—still she could not bear to hear more than this, even from them.

The story of the publican she was well acquainted with, and perhaps had tried to avoid the sin of the pharisee, which was so displeasing to God. In the heart of a humble child he loves to dwell. There his Holy Spirit loves to dwell. If you have opened your heart for him to enter, he makes it his dwelling. Did you ever think of this? that the high and lofty One will take up his abode in the heart of a child?

Take care of your thoughts, that they be such as you would not desire to hide from his eye.

A pious friend lately remarked that he thought every little child was intrusted at its birth, to the care of some kind angel, who watches over it, is ever about its path to protect it in danger, and is around its bed when hushed in sleep. Often, this good angel presents to its mind holy thoughts of God, as it becomes acquainted with him; and when tempted to sin, is ready to assist him in overcoming it. If this little child "becomes acquainted" with God its Father, Jesus its Saviour, the Holy Spirit its Sanctifier, and chooses the path of peace, this attending angel goes onward with it, through all its journey of life, and never forsakes the little pilgrim; and when the journey is ended, and all his work is done, and all his trials are finished, and he is coming away conqueror over every sin and the wicked world and Satan, and has nothing to do but to "lean his head on the bosom of Jesus," and "breathe" his happy soul away, the arms of this kind angel are open to receive it, and together the beloved friends ascend to the gates of heaven.

If, however, the little child chooses the broad way of sin and death, prefers to gratify himself rather than obey the will of God, turns away his ear against the voice of conscience, which always speaks when he does wickedly—cares nothing for the love which brought the Saviour to earth, and thinks little of that eternity to which he is hastening, this good angel leaves it, and if sorrow could enter the bosom of a heavenly spirit, it must be at such a separation. He goes back to relate in heaven the sad story, and to be sent on some better errand of love.

The Bible calls these messengers "ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation." Happy spirits, they are ever delighting to do the will of God, and pleasant would be their benevolent employment, were all of you like Nathan W. Dickerman, Mary Lothrop, and many others.

The latter part of September, one fine afternoon, when Lucy was walking with her mother and sister, they passed by the graveyard, and one of the children pointed to a

grave near the road. Their mother looked at it, and then remarked, "Soon, my children, one of you may lie here, and then I shall never pass by your grave without looking at it, and wondering if your spirit is with God." This was the last time they ever walked together, but little did her mother think that in one month, she would stand by and look upon the grave, and read upon its white stone the dear name of Lucy.

The first week in October, the "Maternal Association" held its quarterly meeting at the house of Lucy's parents. Nothing gave her more pleasure than the anticipation of these meetings. This day she was well, bright and happy; and well do we remember her cheerful smiles and conversation, as she prepared herself to meet her dear companions, and committed her passage from the Bible. At the appointed hour, the room was filled with children, whose appearance manifested that they had assembled on some agreeable, but solemn occasion. Mothers too were there, for the purpose of once more directing the

attention of their little ones to the Saviour, and once more taking them to him for a blessing. Each of the children were then called upon to repeat a verse from the word of God, and then many questions were asked, to know what each one thought of their passage and of its meaning, so that the precious sentence might be remembered. Many of you recollect the soft accent with which Lucy uttered these words. "And he took them up in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them." A record of affection is this, which has filled many a mother's heart with gratitude. Stories were then read, which led to some remarks on the necessity of being ready to die.

Since the preceding quarterly meeting, one of the beloved children of the Maternal Association had gone to be with Christ. Early she chose the "good part," and when called in the bloom of life to die, away from her beloved parents, and called suddenly, with scarcely an hour's notice, she said, "I am not afraid." Her Saviour was near to re-

ceive her last sigh, and support her fainting spirit, as he gently and quickly led her through the vale of death.

This case much affected the children. She had been with them at the Sabbath school, and they saw her in the house of God take her stand on the Lord's side, and now as they sat in the bloom and freshness of health, the question was proposed to them, "Which of them was ready to follow Caroline into eternity?" Soon after it was observed that Lucy looked pale and languid, but she made no complaint. The closing hymn was sung.

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands."

The children commended to that "care which can heal the bleeding heart, if weeping o'er their dust."

Each retired with the deep conviction that it is well to get ready to die, but little did any suspect that the angel of sickness and death had entered that room, had already laid his withering hand on the head of one. The good Shepherd had been there and selected

one little "lamb whom he knew," whose voice he had often heard when lifted to him. He called her from this interesting spot to a bed of sickness and death.

That night, her mother being engaged with company, desired her sister to take the little ones to bed. Her head was then aching severely, and much as she always desired her mother's company when she retired to rest, yet without a word of complaint she affectionately bade "good night."

At midnight, her parents were awoke by her sufferings, which she could no longer conceal. The next day she was rather better, came down stairs, but continued feeble until Sabbath morning, when it became necessary to send for her physician. He had frequently seen her as sick before, and thought it only the same headache, which medicine had often relieved. Nearly a fortnight she continued about the same, one day better and then worse.

No one was alarmed except at times, when she suffered severely; yet her parents could

not but wonder why she did not recover, if it were only a headache, and could not but think it was possible God might be leading their beloved child down to the grave. When this painful thought was first mentioned, her father said, "I do rejoice that we have so sweet a child for God. When she was first taken sick, I thought it probable that she might never recover, and I was willing that the Saviour, whom she had long loved, should take her home."

Oh, my children, here was joy inexpressible, wonderfully mingled with the deepest sorrow. Though that lovely face which won the sweetest smiles, must be laid low in the grave, and the opening beauty of this lovely plant be blighted, yet they could calmly look at the destroyer as he came on to lay it waste, and rejoice that he could do no more than transplant it into the garden of God. Death could take down her body, but he could not touch her soul! The fine qualities of her mind would live forever, its sins and infirmities be washed away in the Redeemer's blood.

The disease was inflammation of the brain; but in her case it appeared in an unusual form, and therefore her physician could not decide what it was, until nearly the close of life. She was much inclined to sleep, and unwilling to be disturbed; but whenever medicine was offered to her, with the same meekness with which she had subjected her own will to the wishes of others, she would freely take it, however disagreeable, to the very last. And here let me say, that Lucy was never hired to take medicine in her life. *Her habit of self-denial made it perfectly easy.*

On Tuesday night before she died, she was very ill, in great pain, and for many hours it was necessary to hold her head every moment. The next day, her father being absent, her mother sat alone with her most of the day, and while she sat holding her head, Lucy began to converse, almost the first time since she had been sick. "Dear mother," she said, "I cannot go into my little chamber, and kneel down and pray, but I pray on my bed whenever I can; and if I am

ever so sick, I let nothing hinder me. I let nothing hinder me." And what do you pray for, my dear child? "I ask the blessed Saviour to love me and bless me and take me to heaven when I die." *Mother.* You are very sick, dear Lucy, perhaps you will never be well again. Are you willing to die? "Yes, dear mother, if I thought I was *quite* prepared." *Mother.* What is it to be 'quite prepared,' but to love the Saviour, give him your whole heart, be sorry for all your sins, and seek his forgiveness? *Lucy.* "I know that is all, that is all." "Dear mother, I cannot talk to little Henry now, but I have told him all I knew about Jesus and about heaven; every day I have talked to him about being good."

I forgot to tell you that Lucy instructed her little brother as carefully as she did Susan, as soon as he could understand her, and never did I know her offer a prayer after this little brother was given to us, without praying "that he might be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Her mother then said, Do you remember when you were taken sick? "Yes, I remember the moment; just as Mrs. —— was talking to us about dying, my head began to ache. I should have enjoyed the meeting very much, but I felt so sick, I could hardly sit up."——"Dear mother, I should love to *sit up* till you die, and then I should wish to die." She used the expression "sit up," I suppose, because she had so long been unable to rise from her bed.

In the afternoon a dear friend brought her some flowers. She looked at them and said, Oh how beautiful! and requested that they might be put where she could look at them. Her kind friends often sent to her tokens of love, but nothing was so pleasant to her as flowers. After this, she seldom spoke, unless to ask for something she wanted, and occasionally to inquire for some dear friend, or when the holy Sabbath would come, or to say to her mother or sister, "How kind you are." On Thursday evening she requested her mother to "sing that sweet song,"

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand," &c.

On Friday morning she said, "she had rather go to heaven and wear a crown of gold, than stay here." A friend came in and expressed much sympathy for the suffering child, and spoke of her uncommon patience. After she had gone, Lucy said "I did not love to hear aunt —— say so much about me."

On Friday afternoon her reason began to fail. It was now that her physician and friends felt the utmost apprehension that means were useless. The disease all had so much dreaded, was fast taking down the "earthly house."

On Saturday morning she appeared much better, told what day it was, asked for a dear friend, whom she wished to see. As her mother sat watching, her eyes often closed and her lips moved—but her thoughts were engaged with her Saviour. In the afternoon reason again left her, and on Sabbath morning she was seized with convulsions. And now, as we looked upon her agitated frame, wasted by a sickness which the skill of the

kindest physician had been unable to arrest, how did it comfort and sustain her distressed friends, to know, that in that hour of helplessness, this little sufferer had not *the great work of life to do*. Oh no. She had not now to *learn* to pray, or to learn to love the name of Jesus.

In her days of infancy she would say, "God, I love best of all, and then my father and mother;" and every day of her life, that God—the prayer-hearing God, had heard this petition, "*When I die, oh take me to heaven.*" Had she left it all for this hour of agony, how could she think of the merciful Friend on high? How could she remember her sins? How could she "confess and forsake them" now? What a dangerous mistake for children to imagine they can do the work of life in a dying hour! Such a thought comes from Satan, the father of lies.

Some of you, dear children, who read this, will die when *you* are young. Your grave will be as short as Lucy's. Are you now doing the work *of life?* It will take many

years to fit you to do business like your father. It takes many years to be educated. You could not learn to read in an hour, or to write or spell in an hour. Why should you be so unwise as to suppose you can get ready to die in an hour? What can you do when your head aches hard—or even a tooth aches? How then in the "pains and groans and dying strife" will you calmly go with a penitent heart to the arms of Jesus?

All the Sabbath she lay in great distress. Many prayers were offered in the house of God for her, but the affectionate wishes of her friends, the tears of her afflicted parents could not now avail. It was God's time to call her home, and it was the best time.

On Monday morning, she was relieved from distress—the spasms had subsided, and she lay calm, with a perfectly tranquil countenance. Her father standing near, she looked up with an earnest expression, as if longing to speak. He said, "My dear Lucy, you are going to leave us. Can you speak and tell us if you are happy?" She replied "Yes,

dear father." "Are you going home to the Saviour?" "Yes," was all she had strength to say, but her look was that of perfect peace. Soon her mother asked, "Do you feel that your sins are all forgiven?" "Yes, mother, yes, yes," was her earnest reply. Then fixing her eyes on her mother, with a voice of tenderness never to be forgotten, repeated three times, "Dear mother, dear mother, dear mother," and thus forever closed our intercourse on earth.

On Tuesday morning, 23d of October, at half past 7 o'clock, it was said, "She is gone."

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning here below.
Go! by angel guards attended,
To the arms of Jesus go."

On Wednesday, many sympathizing friends and loved companions followed to the house of all the living, the mortal part of our dear child, and there we laid her in her lowly bed, committing her to him who is the "resurrection and the life," assured that when he shall

"come in the clouds," that sleeping dust shall rise in new and unfading beauty. There we left her, with the hope that she had exchanged that decaying body for a spotless covering,—the society of frail earthly beings, for the society of angels, and the "just made perfect," in the presence of God and the Lamb."

A neat white stone marks the spot where Lucy lies, with this inscription. "And He took them up in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them."

And now, dear children, what I have told you about Lucy, is only a specimen of her daily conduct and feelings. Do you wish that you could "be like her?" *You can* be like her. She began, you see, to subdue herself; it soon became easy. Denying herself, made her kind and gentle. Denying herself, made her obedient—it made her prayerful, because she discovered how much she wanted God's help in struggling against herself.

If you do not yet understand all that is meant by self-denial, ask your father or mother to explain it. But remember that

the same heavenly Father, who blessed her and answered her prayers, will hear your prayers, if you pray as she did—the same Holy Spirit will dwell in your heart—the same Saviour will cleanse you from every sin, and prepare you for that blessed world, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more *pain*."

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